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Half a Chance

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Converient, 1979, by the Robbs. Marchit Company.

(Continued.)

John Steele's heavy sitch rang hard. The way before thin steared But lose belied pay the others came fast. Lis door, how ever, was near. Now he renched it, fitted the heavy key Had it turned as usual the episode would have been brought to a speedy conclusion, but us it was the key stuck. The foremost of those who had been trailing fell upon Steele, but soon drew a group, held his hand to a broken wrist, while from his belpless fingers a kuife dropped to the ground.

A ponderous bulking fellow about feet three, with a shock of red bair and a thick banging lip, cursed loudly. Obviously this one of his assallants possessed immense, unusual strength.

"Let me at him, yef" he cried in foul and flash tongue, when John Steele suddenly called him by name, said something in that selfsame dislact of pick purses and their lik. The rufflan paused, remained stock still.

"How the- Who"- the man began, "Call off your fellows!" John Steele's roice seemed to thrill, "I want to talk with you It'll be more worth your than any prigging or bagging

you've ever yet done." "Well, I'm blowed!" Suspicion gleaned from the bloodshot eyes. And you want to talk with me? Here's a gamey cove!"

"I tell you I must talk with you! I've got a lay better than tooking you for the dock. As for the others, they

can go, for all of me." "Oh, they can!" The big man's face expressed varying feelings-vague wonder. At the same time he began to edge cautiously away, "That would nice plant, wouldn't it? Let's out of this, blokies," suddenly, "This cove

knows too much, and"—
"Walt!" Steele stepped forward, "I want you, Tom Rogers, and I'm going to have you. It'll be gulds in your pocket and not Newgate."

"Slope for it, mates!" The big man's Around the corner in voice rang out. the direction of the Thames the burly tigure of a policeman appeared in the dim light "That's his little game!" and turued.

But John Steele sprang savagely forword. "You fool! You'll not get away so easily!" he exclaimed when one of the others put out a foot. 'It tripped him. John Steele's head struck the curb violently.

For some moments he lay still; then he made out the face of a policeman bending over him.

"That was a nasty fall you got sir." "Fall?" John Steele grose, stood swaying, "That man must not es-cupe. Do you hear-must not?" As spoke he made as if to rush forward. The other laid steadying fingers

"Hold hard a bit, sir," he said, "Not quite yourself. Besides, they're well out of sight now. No use running

Steele moved, grasped the railing leading up the front step. His brow throbbed; a thousand darting pains reminds me, how would you like to go shot through his brain. But for the back into the country with me? moment these physical pangs were as nothing. Disappointment, self reproach moved him. To have allowed himself to go down like that—to have been caught by such a simple trick! Clumsy clod! And at a moment when-

"Pardon me, sir." the officer said in a brisher tone. "but hadn't we better go in? This, I take it, is your house. can look after yourself somewhat and afterward describe your assailants; then we'll start out to find and arrest them, if possible."

Steele loosened his hold on the ralling. He appeared now to have recovered his strength. "That's just what I don't want you to do. My name is John Steele. You know of me?" And as the other returned a respectful affirmative, "It is my desire to escape any notoriety in this little matter, you understand?" Something passed from his hand to the policeman's.

Walking quickly up the steps, John perfunctory "Good night" and ler him-But as he mounted to his chambers some of the moment's exsituation that had seized him at sight of the man revived.

"He has come back. He is here-in London. I surely can lay hands on him. I must! I will!"

CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGE OF PRONT. E found the task no easy one, however, although he went at It with his characteristic vigor and energy. Few men knew the seamy side of London better than John Steele-its darksome streets and foul alleys, its hovels and various habitations. And this knowledge be utilized to the best advantage, always

to find that his efforts came to naught Reinctantly John Steele concluded that the man he sought had made his way out of London; otherwise the facilities at his command were such that

been able to attain his end-find what be desired. Soberly attired, he attracted no very marked attention in the stums, breeding spots of the criminal The dentzens knew John Placema Steele. He had been there oft before,

He had on occasion assisted some of them with storn good advice or more substantial services. He was acquaint ed with these men and women, had perhaps a larger charity for them than most people and it expedient to ther-ish. One man had seen the object of Steep's sobilitude and to this person, a wearened little "undestrable," the London was pretty hot and he thought of decamping from it.

"Arter all this time that's gone by, he says to me, bitter like, to think a man can't come back to 'ls native 'ome without being spied on for what ought long ago to be dead and forgot!

"What brought him to London?" "I expect it was 'omesickness, str.
'E's been a bad tot, but 'e has a 'eart, arter all. It was to see 'Is mother came back; the old woman drew 'im 'ere. You see, 'e had written 'er from foreign parts, but could never 'ear 'cause she had moved. Used to keep back. One of them, unable to repress a place where a woman was found"-"Dead?"

"Murdered:" said the man. John Steele was silent. "And she, is mother, ad gone, aving saved a bit, out peaceable-like little 'amlet where there weren't no bobbles, only instead bits of flower gardens bright bloomin' daffy-down-dillies. But, blime me, when Tom come and found out where she 'ad changed to if she adn't gone and shuffled off, and all 'e 'ad for 'is pains was the sight of a mound in the churchyard."

"Yes; she's buried," said John Steele thoughtfully, "and all she might have told about the woman who was-murgered is buried with her."

"But she did tell, sir, at the time," mickly, "of the trial," "True" The visitor's tone changed.

"If you can find Tom give him this You'll be well patd"-"I aln't askin' for that. You got me

off easy once and gave me a lift arter "Well, well!" Steele made a brusqu

gesture. "We all need a belping hand sometimes," he said, turning away. And that was as near as he had come to attainment of his desires, Summer passed. Sometimes, the

better to think, to plan, to keep himself girded by constant exercise, be repaired to the park, now neglected by fashion and given over to that nebulous quantity of diverse qualities called the people.

"How do you do, Steele? Just the

man I wanted to see!"

Near the main exit toward which John Steele had unconsciously step-ped the sound of a familiar voice and the appearance of a well known stocks form broke in with startling abruptness on the dark train of thought.

'Deep in some point of law?' on Sir Charles. "Ton honor, believe you would have cut me. However, don't apologize; you're forgiven!"
"Most amiable of you to say so, Sir

Charles!" perfunctorily.
"Not at all! Especially as our meeting is quite apropos. Obliged to run up to town on a little matter of business; but, thank goodness, it's done Never saw London more deserted Direct at the club, nobody there. Supped at the hotel, dining room empty Strolled up Piccadilly, not a be seen. That is," he added, "no one whom one has seen before, which the same thing. But how did you en-Joy your trip to the continent?"

"It was not exactly a trip for pleasure," returned the other, with a slight accent of constraint.

"Ah, yes; so I understood. But fancy going to the continent on busi-One usually goes for-which

"I? It is impossible at the moment

But Sir Charles seemed not to listen "Deuced dull journey for a man to take alone, good deal of it by coach. You'll find a few salmon to kill, trout and all that. Think of the joy of whipping a stream after having been mewed up all these months in the musty metropolis. Besides, I made a wager with Jocelyn you wouldn't refure a second opportunity to bask in Arcadia." He laughed. "'I really couldn't presume to ask him again,' is the way she expressed it, 'but if you can draw a sufficiently eloquent picture of the rural attractions of Strathorn to woo him from his beloved dusty byways you have my permission to try.

"Did she say that?" John Steele spoke quickly, then, "I am sorry it is impossible, but." in a low tone, "how is Miss Wray?"

"Never better. Enjoying every mo ment. Jolly party and all that. Lord Rousdate and"— Here Sir Charles enumerated a number of people.

"Lord Ronsdale is there?" "Yes; couldn't keep him away from Strathorn House now," he laughed. "As a matter of fact, be has asked my permission to- There!" Sir Charles stopped, then laughed again with a little embarrassment, "I've nearly tet the cut out of the bug."

John Steele spoke no word. His face was set, immovable.

"You mean he has proposed for her hand, and she"-Steele seemed to speak with difficulty-"bas consented?"

"Well, not exactly. She appears complaisant, as it were," he answered "But, really, I shouldn't have mentioned the matter at all. Quite premature. you understand? Let's say no more about it. And-what was it you said about going back with me?"

"Yes," said John Steele, with a sudstrength and energy that Sir Charles might attribute to the desire "A case in Landon perhaps you to make himself understood above the have heard of it? The infirster of a Charles might attribute to the desire

dip of the street 'T'll co back with you at"-the latter words, lower spoken, the other did not catch-"no matter what cost!"

Sir Charles and John Steele arrived Strathora. This little hamiet lay in a sleepy looking dell. As the driver swang down a hill lie whipped up his borses and literally charged mon the town, swept through the main thor oughfare and drew up with a flourish before the principal tavers. Sir Charles schered and stretched life term

John Steele get down "Strathorn Louse," he suit to Sir Charles, "is near I am in the mood for exercise after sitting so long and should like to walk there "By all means," returned the other,

"since it's your preference. Presty apt to overtake you," he went on, after giving his guest a few directions, "especially if you linger over any points of Interest

The trap which had been sent for drew up and the two men separated Sir Charles rattled triskly down one way, Steele turned to go the other, Soon rose before him the top of modest steeple, then a church, within the sanctuary of whose yard old stones

mingled with new. He stepped in. "Straight on across the churchyard: had been for Charles' direction. John Steele moved quickly down the narrow path. Strathorn House! A noble dwelling

massive and gray. And yet one that lifted itself with charming lightness from its solid, baronial-like foundation It adorned the spot, merged into the landscape. Behind, the forest, a dark line, penciled itself against the blue horizon. Before the ancient stone pile lay a noble park.

Long the man looked. Through a faint vell of mist turret and tower quivered, strong lines of masonry vibrated. Wavering as in the spell of an optical illusion, the structure might bave seemed but a figment of imagination or one of those fanciful ensties sung by the Elizabethan brotherhood of poets. Did the image occur to John Steele? Did be feel for the time, despite other disquieting, extraneous thoughts, the subtle enchantment of the scene? The minutes passed. He did not move.
"You find it to your liking?"

A voice, fresh, gay, interrupted. With a great start, be turned.

Jocelyn Wray, for it was she, laughed; so absorbed had he been, he had not heard her light footstep on the grass behind.

His face changing. "Entirely!" h managed to say. And then, "1-did not know you were near." "No? But I could see that. Confess," with accept a little derisory, "I

startled you." She looked at him curiously, "Shall we walk on toward the house? I went down into the town thinking to meet my uncle," she explained, "but as I had a few errands, on account of a children's fete we are planuing. reached the tavern after he had gone.

She stepped into the path leading

from the churchyard; it was narrow and she walked before him. "The others went hunting," she said. She stepped quickly from the by ray into the main road. "There is." she said, pointing with a small

white finger. He moved now at her side. At the entrance, broad, imposing, she paused A thousand perfumes seemed wafted from the garden; the rustling of myri ad wings fell on the senses like faint

cadences of music.
Within the stately house, near a recessed window at the front, a man stood at that moment reading a letter: Shall be down to see you soon. Case coming on; links nearly all complete. Involve a new and bewildering possibility. Have discovered the purpose of 8.'s visit to the continent. It was— Lord Ronsdale perused the words

slowly. "I might have known"-Voices without enught his attention; he glanced quickly through the win dow. Jocelyn Wray and John Steele were walking up the marble steps.

CHAPTER X.

A CONTEST. FEW days passed. The usual round of pastimes inseparable from house parties served to while away the hours. Other guests arrived, one or two went. Lord tonsdale had greeted John Steele perfunctorily; the other's manner was likewise mechanically courteous. could not very well have been other-

vise; a number of people were near. A rainy spell put a stop to outdoor diversions. The second morning of the dark weather discovered two of the guests in the oak paneled smoking room of Strathorn House.

Believe I shall run over to Ger many very soon, Steele," said For sythe to the lawyer.

"Indeed?" Yes; capital case coming on in the riminal courts there." "And you don't want to miss it, For

sythe? Not I! Weakness of mine, as you know. Most people look to novels or plays for entertainment; I find mine in the real drama, unfolded every day in the courts of justice."

John Steele watched a young lad approach outside. He waved a paper his hand and called with easy familiarity to a bousemaid in an open wis dow above:

"Telegram from London, miss." The silence that followed was again broken by Captain Forsythe's voice: "There are one or two features in this German affair that remind me of another case some years back one of our own-that interested me. "Ab?" The listener's tone was only

politely interrogatory.

woman, once well known before the footlights, by a one time champion of the ring-the Frisco Pet. I think he was called. I once puzzled a bit over that one; investigated it somewhat on my own a count, don't you know." "In what way?" Steele's manner was

Then it attracted you, too, as an investigator?" normured the captain to a gratified tone. "For your book, perlaya? "Not exactly. But you haven't yet

told me," to a ficen, alert tone, "why you looked into it for your own as count.' It seems simple, obvious.' "That is just it." said Captain For-sythe, Fising. "It was perhaps a little

too shuple, too obvious You attended the trial of this feltow?

"The just part of it; wasn't in England when it first came on, and what I heard of it raised some questions and doubts to my mind. However, I didn't think much more about the case until a good many months later, when chance glone Grew my attention more closely to it. Was down in the country, when one night I happened to on this almost forgotten case the Frisco Pet, whereupon the land lord of the inn where I put up inform ed me that one of the villagers in this identical little town bad been land-lady at the place where the affair oc-

"The woman who testified no one had been to her place that night ex cept"- John Steele spoke sharply. "This fellow? Quite so." Captain Forsythe walked up and down. "Now,

A little contest with the folls, lencing bout! Good!" exclaimed For Joselyn Wray waited over to the

group, and Forsythe followed. "Brave, Reasdite!" A number of people applauded.

"He has won. Now the reward!

"Not so fast! Here are others." hoked around "True." Ronsdate housed around with his co'd statle. His gauce vagueincluded John Steele and Captain Possythe. Count me out," laughed the latter

"Not in my line, don't you know, since I joined the retired list." "liowever, there's Steele,"

Charles, pipe in hand, remarked "No you use the folis, Mr. Steele? asked Joselyn Weny. He moved forward. Lord Ronsdale

stood near her, bending over with a "i" - Steels looked at them. "Only a little."

Then you must try conclusions with Lord Rousdate?' called our Sir Charles, As victor over the rest he must meet all comers."

"Nothing to be put out by being beaten by Rousdale," interposed an "Had the reputation of be ing one of the best swordsmen on the continent; has even had, I believe, with a laugh, "one or two little af-

"Honor!" Steele's ginnee swung around, played brightly on the noble man.

The intter's face remained impas

Joselyn Wray toward the window, Across the room a footman now approached Lord Rousdale and extended

a salver. John Steele's glunce flashed toward Ronsdale. The telegram, then, had been for. He saw an inscrutable smile cross the nobleman's face.

A door closed quietly as Lord Rons-

dale went out The afternoon of that same day there arrived at the village of Strathorn from London a discreet looking little man who, descending at the Golden Lion, was shown to a private sitting room on the second story. In about an hour he was joined by Lord Rous-

"Well"-he spoke quickly-"I fancy you have a little something to tell me,

Mr. Gillett?"
"'A little something!" The latter rubbed his hands. "More than a lit-tle: The special inquiry which your lordship mentioned just as he was leaving my office proved for a time most fliusive."

"You mean the object of John Steele's visit to the continent?"

"Exactly. And, the object of that visit solved, I have now a matter of greatest importance to communicate, important it could only be imparted by word of mouth." The police agent

spoke hastily and moved nearer.
"Indeed! You have reached a conciusion, one that you sought to re-ject perhaps, but that wouldn't be dis-

Mr. Gillett looked at him earnestly. "You don't mean-it len't possible that you knew all the while?"

"Let us start at the beginning." "True, your lordship." Mr. Gillett wallowed. "As your lordship is swallowed. aware, we were fortunate enough in the beginning to find out through our agent in Tasmania that John Steele came to that place in a little trading schooner, the Laura Deane of Ports mouth that he had been resched from ting ancharred reef, or ble, on Dec 21, some three years before. The spot. by longitude and latitude, marks through an odd coincidence, the place a acre the Loro Nelson met her fate."

"A coincidence truly," murmured the nobleman. "But at this stage in your reasoning you recalled that all op board were embarked in the ship? boats and reached civilization, excep-

possibly""A few of my charges between decks? A had lot of nely brutes. The story of John Steele's res ne," went on Mr. Gillett, "as told by himself, was cell known in Tasmania A lawyer by profession, he had been noseenger on a merchant vessel, the Mary Vornon of Baltimore, United States. This vessel, like the Lord Nelson, had come to grief All of those in John Steele's boat had perished except him. Some had gone mad through thirst and suffering. Others and killed their fellows in a frenzy Heing of superb physique barring been through much physica raining"-the listener stirred in the chair-"be managed to survive, to reach the little isle, where, nevertury to his story, he remained almost a

"A year? Then he set foot in Tasmania about four years after the Lord Nelson went down," observed the nobleman, a curious glitter in his eyes Four years after," he repeated, ac-

centing the last word.
"Such were the details gathered in Tasmania," answered the police agent. "Go on," said Lord Ronsdale.

"From the mate of the Laura Deane, the schooner that rescued him from the isle, and one of her crew whom managed to locate at Plymouth, as have informed your lordship by let ter," answered Mr. Gillett. men now furnish lodgings to seamer and incidentally shanghal a few of them for dublous craft. Both of them. the mate and the sailor, recalled the man of fine bearing and education whom they found on the little isle, a sort of Greek statue, bulf clothed in rags, so to speak, who made his peronality felt at once on these simple. ignorant fellows. At the spring on the little ishand the scamen filled water butts. This kept them several days, mixing later with skylarking, during which time one of them picked up something-a pouch marked with maune."

"Which was?" Mr Gillett leaned forward, spoke soffly; Lord Rousdale stared straight about. "Of course," he said; "of

ourse!" "This, I will confess, startled, puzgled me," continued the police agent "I tried to expann it in a dozen differ Then it was that the line of special investigation beloed. John Steele's outing to which you directed my attention was passed on the con ent. After a good deal of pauls we discovered that he visited a certain arge building in Paris.

"This led to an inspection of the tenants. They proved of all sorts and kinds. The place was a bechive. Hun dreds of people entered and left every day. At this time I bappened on at from to a periodical about some remarkable work in a certain line by a high class medical specialist. Here is the paragraph."

Lord Rousdate took the slip of paper the other banded him and briefly look ed at it. "You visited this person?"

"Yes, as his office address was men tioned as being in the large building we were interested in. But at the mo ment I had no suspicion that John Steele's pilgrininge to Paris could have been for the purpose of consulting"-'An eminent specialist in the line of removing birthmarks," rend the nobleman, glancing at the slip of paper, "or

"One question, my lord. He is discerning -knows that you are" "Knows? Yes. He found that out

"And yet be comes went here, days to leave London, where at most his Why? Lord Rousel - so the Gag not agreeable. "When to a nout be come filogical? When the accept

Colores for a profit and the last of the second form

TANKS STREET, ST. ST. BURN STREET, SEC. OF SHIPS AND

chances, bowever desperant "When?" The post of some force expressed vague worder to m, when

-there is a woman to the case, sud enty on woman or a site.
"Is there anything are you have to

tell me?" asked Loru nomonie "Only one thing, and it may have no bearing on the case. Some one who has not been seen in these parts in years, the red headed-son of the handwhere the Gerard murder oc curred, has been back to London, and Steele's tooking for him, for what pur pose I don't know. The nobleman moved quickly. "But he bosn't found him yet. Apparently the fellow took starm, knowing the police agent might

Lord Rousdale moistened his lips then got up and walked back and forth.

want him, and vanished again.

"I have made my plans," he finally "And-1 intend to act." "Where?"

"Bere, and at once."

CHAPTER XI. BEVELATIONS.

John Street walked slowly on the broad stone balcony toward the ballroom. There be had stopped; then, stepping to the balustrade, he stood looking off. The night was warm. In the sky stars seemed trying to maintain their places between dark, floating crouss, sound of music was wafted from with-in. John Steele listened. They was stepped toward the window and pausof His ever seemed searching the throug They found what they sough -a slender, erect form, the gown soft, white, like foam; a face animated, joyous. For an instant only, however, he saw the beautiful features; then an Jocelyn turned in the dance around her waist gitmpsed a black band tipped by siender masculine fingers; above, a cynical countenance. Or was it all cynical now? A brief giance showed more than the habitual expression, a sedulousness, some passion ate feeling. Lord Rousdate's look seemed once more to say be held and claimed hor-that she was his or soon would be

The moments passed A distant buzz replaced melody-the buman murmur. the scraping of strings. From the forest came a faraway cry, the mel ancholy sound of some wood creature He continued metlonless, then sudden ly wheeled swiftly, "That is you, Mr Steele?" A voice

young, gay, sounded near. Joselyn Wray came toward him. From her shoulders floated a white scarf. "You have come out for the freshmathe pardout Although she nided Jour snoth in t difference sectude your self from the medding crowd."

"Nor" Did she note the strangeness of the look she seemed to have surprised on his face? Her own glance grew on the instant slightly puzzled and show ed a possing constraint. Then her magner became light again. "No. Es pecially as- You are leaving tomor

"Yes." He tried to speak in conver tional tones, but his gazi swerved from the graceful deure with its dim, white fines that changed and flattered in the faint breath of air, scealing so gently by them and away. "My time is all most up-the allotted period of my brief Elystom" be fulf laughed have enjoyed myself immensely-muct more than't deserve"

"Have you?" She glanced at him A flicker of light touched the strong It seemed difficult for film to speak

Flually he said: "I have neglected or forgotten the pleasure," with a slight hugh, "of congranulating you is that the word? Or Lord Rousdate be, I believe, is the one to be congratulated.

"Congrammated?" fler face had changed, grown colder grasped the stone basystrate, but he forced a smile to his fips, "I cannot imagine who has started-why you speak thus. Lord Rousdale is an old friend of my uncle and mine, too, but that is all. You are mistaken.

"Mistaken?" The word broke from him quickly. The strained expression of his face gave way to another he could ill conceut.

"Goodby!" be said slowly. "I au leaving rather early in the morning.

ot see you again? "Goodby-at least until we meet in London," she ended lightly.

"That may not be, "Why, you are not thinking of de erring your dingy metropolis? He did not answer

Did she realize he was saying goodby to her for all time? She held her head higher, pressed her lips riightly closer; then she sought to withdraw her hand, but ue, as hardly knowing what he did or yielding to sudden, it resistible temptation, clasped for an in stant the slim flugers closer. The

seemed to quiver in his John Steele breathed deeply continued to regard her, so fair, ac beautifut, Au instant and he bent. A breath or his lips swept the descate white fingers; then be dropped them, Her hand swang back against the co stone. On her breast something bright an ornament, fluttered, became still Behind a bird chirped. Her glanc turned toward the battroom.

from one of the open French windows



I'd always had a little theory. Could | style to Taired had full cared sale and sever get out of my mind one sentence this poor, ignorant fellow uttered at 'Seeast as if I could remem ber a man's face, a stranger's, that looked into mine that night, your lordship, but I ain't exactly cocksure, 'Ain't exactly cocksure,' repeated | manner. Captain Forsythe, "That's what caught me. Would a man not telling the truth be not quite 'cocksure,' or ould be testify to the face as a fact;

"II'm! Very interesting, Forsythe. Very ingenious. Quite plausible. "The landlady's testimony excluded the face, made it a figureat of an imaglustion disordered by drink." Captain Forsythe waved his hand nirity.

"You went to see this woman?" "Out of curiosity, and found she was indeed, the same person. She seemed quite ill and feeble. I talked with her about at hour that day. Tried in every way to get her to remember she had possi.dy let in some other person that night, but"-

"But?" "Bless you, she stuck to her story, aughed Captain Forsythe. "Couldn't move her an iota." One of the listen er's arms fell to his side, his hand closed hard. "Quite bowled over my little theory, don't you know. Of course I told myself it didn't matter. The puin convicted was gone-drown

A shrill whistle smote the ni. Steele's glance turned to the window. The boy, having activered his message, had left the door. With lips puckered to the loud and imperfect rendition of a popular street includy he was makog his way through the grounds. voluntarity the Lann's look lingered or him. "A telegram from London? For whom?"

"Beg pardon!" A footman stood in the doorway. 'Sir Charles' compilments to the genriemen, and will they good enough to join him in armory John Steele turned quickly to the

servant, so quickly a close observer might have fancied he welcomed the

interruption. "Captain Forsythe's and Mr. Steele's compliments to Sir Charles," he said at once, "and say it will give them pleasure to comply." As Steele and his companion, 1 geth er with Jorelyn Wray, who had joined them, entered the armory hall sounds of merriment and applause greeted the swung it. The tiles that followed might have been construed as a cuallenge. John Steele tossed aside hi cont. Ronedale's eyes suddenly narrowed

Expectancy made ifself felt in his manner. "Aren't you going to roll up

your sleeve?" he asked softly. "Usu ally find it gives greater freedom of movement myself. Perhaps you are right," Steele sal coolly, and, following the nobleman's example, he pushed back his sleeve The action revealed the splendid arm of the perfectly trained athlete, mark ed, however, by a great scar extend-ing from just above the wrist to the

"Had jab that, Steele!" eried Sir "Looks as if it might have been made by an African spear!"

John Steele smiled. Lord Ronsdale breathed quickly Recent wound, I should say." "Not very old," sald John Steele

"If there's a good story back of it we'll have it later," Captain Forsythe Their bindes crossed. Ronsdate's suppleness of wrist and arm, his cold steadiness, combined with a know edge of many fine artifices, had already made him a favorite with those

opinions with odd nounds. "Ten to five!" one of the men near her cailed out jovially, "Odds on Rousdale! Any takers? "Done!"

of the men who cared to back their

Jocelyn saw John Steele draw him self back sharply just in time. She also fancied a new, ominous gleam in his eyes. His demeanor underwent an abrupt change. If Rousdale's quick ness was catilke the other's movements had now all the swiftness and grace of a punther.
"Hello!" Through the swishing of

steel she heard again the man at her side exclaim, make some laughing re mark, "Perhaps I'd better hedge". But even as he spoke, with a flerce thrusting and parrying of blades, the end came. A sudden irresistible move ment of John Steele's arm and the no bleman's blade clattered to the floor. "Egad! I never saw anything pret

"Met your match that time, Rons The nobleman stooped for his foll

tier!" Sir Charles came forward quick-

"That time, yes!" be drawled.
Steele fand bimself walking with

other distigurements"ong der in Unde park."

Other voices, loud, merry, coming interrareted.